Wit at a Venture:

OR,

CLIO's Privy-Garden,

CONTAINING

SONGS and POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Never before in Print.

——Potare & spargere flores
Incipiam, patiarque vel in consultus haberi.
Hor. lib. 1. Ep. 5. 14.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the three Roses in *Ludgate-Street*, 1674.

THE Epistle Dedicatory. TO *William Wren*, Esq;

SIR,

I Might not without Reason suspect your Resentment and Admiration, when you behold so trivial and mean a Work of this Nature, confidently sheltring it self under the Infallible *defence of your* [illegible] *name, from the piercing Storms that are frequently rais'd by the heat of certain creatures called* Criticks: *But, Sir, that sweetness and evenness of your Temper, which all who know you, do with great satisfaction take notice of, has denyed me to fear the danger of displeasing a Person whom nothing but very Baseness can make Angry. To that Goodness therefore, I presume to offer up these*

Fruits of so little worth, they wanted a good Season to grow to any Perfection in, as having but seldom any Sun-shine *weather, unless when your* Influences *did actuate their Principles; if any then amongst them have arrived to more Beauty and Ripeness than their Fellows, they owe it immediately to that* Warmth *and* Vigour *they received from you; and in this respect,* Sir, *you may claim them as your own; for the Sun may be said to have more right to the Fruit he gave colour to, than the Tree that bore it. Vouchsafe,* Sir, *then, when you unbend from your more weighty and useful Employs of Time, to cast a favourable Eye upon this Poetick Off-spring, that foresees a happy Life if he may be admitted into your Service, where if he can please in his Mirthfulness, he promises himself such an increase of Spirit and Fancy, that he will aspire to more lofty Thoughts, even* Sir, *to the Ambition of being worthy to stile you the sweet* Maecenas.

SIR,

Of your humbly devoted Servant,

C. F.

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WHAT

Wit at a Venture.

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CONTAINING

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ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Loves Tryal.

A Song.

HOw sweet are the youthful adventures of Love,
What pretty kind sympathies mutually move!
How in Amorous Musick they each play their parts,
And make in their minds a transfusion of hearts:
Yet as strange and as various pow'rs they have,
When from frowns, sighs and smiles, is Bliss and a (Grave.

When I try with my Nymph the ſtrength of that pow'r,
Blind Love plays the knave with me every hour;
For ſhe frowns, and ſhe ſighs, and ſtill ſhe cryes no,
Though I'm apt to believe her, yet ſtill I muſt woo;
For in the ſame moment I find in her eyes,
That joy and that bliſs which her coyneſs denies.

Then ſtraight I declare the diſcovery I've made,
And urging my Suit, ſhe replies, I am afraid;
On my life, dear Swain, by no means it may be,
'Twas the charge of my Grand-mother Modeſty;
Yet ſtill I behold a Jem in her eye,
Ne're was *Tantalus* half ſo unhappy as I.

Why ſhould Nymphs with diſguiſe and flattery deceive,
When from us the naked truth they receive?
Though th'effects of fond Love ſo various be,
Muſt it therefore wheedle and captivate me?
E'en let her retire, if ſhe think good,
To cure my diſpair, I'le let my ſelf blood.

The Generous Lover.
A Song.

WHat a giddy fond Lover is he,
Who in ſpight of good fate or ſucceſs,
Gives

Gives ſcope to his Love,
Till it wander and rove
Beyond what his hope can redreſs:
When his paſſions grow fervent and free,
Inſtead of conſidering his flames,
He haſtens his bliſs
To a blind precepice,
And Love before Honour proclaims.

My Love's of a noble deſcent,
For that influous pow'r I adore,
Though my paſſions are ſtrong,
Yet rather than wrong,
I'le prefer the convenience before.
And though in her arms I could dye,
Yet if fate has againſt me decreed,
I'le draw from my heart
The viſible dart,
While my wounds ſtill inwardly bleed.

Would to Heav'n I could but deſerve!
Thoſe ſuffring hopes which I bare,
But ſince honour denies
I ſhould venture the priſe,
I'le ſigh out a lingring diſpair:
Ye pow'rs if your pleaſures are ſo,
To make me thus hopeleſs your ſlave,

Since I'm suffer'd no more
Then just to adore,
In my heart I'le her Image engrave.

A Song.

Cupid some exploits to [illegible]
With this left hand shot [illegible],
His shafts flew still too high or low,
Which made him fret and curse his bow,
Hitting the Mark, at length he found
His arrows gave a poys'ned wound,
And frenzy bread where Love should be,
In milder tearms call'd jealousie.

If such worms grow in Lovers breast,
Whose venom will admit no rest,
Then pox upon't, my prayers shall be
From such Love *Jove* deliver me:
Yet I could gladly be content,
To lay on Love that punishment,
And scape my self, to be each hour
Securely garded from its pow'r.

The

The Surprising Lover.

LOve in rambling once astray,
Was benighted in his way,
With cold and tiresom cares oppress't,
He creeps in fair *Lucina*'s breast
To shelter there and take his rest:
The Nymph not dreaming of her fate,
And of an unexpected Guest
Much less
To come so late,
Slep on; the Youth recov'ring heat,
Prepares his arms to try a feat;
The deed scarce done, the Nymph awakes,
And in the Act the Youngster takes,
Strangely surpriz'd, yet well contented too,
That she'd enjoy'd so sweet a bed-fellow.
Then viewing well her Guess all o're,
She lik'd his presence more and more;
Telling him, rather than he should be gone,
She'd nurse and keep him as her own;
And if he'd vow he're to depart,
She'd find him lodging next her heart.

To Silvia, *on the Tyranny of her Looks. A Song.*

TUrn away those sparkling Gems,
Who from their motives give such ray,
As would make *Sol* contract his beams,
And leave those Stars to rule the Day:
What greater Tyranny can Love create,
Than from such Comets to receive a fate?

Do not insult thus on your Slave,
Love should attempt a nobler prise,
Since 'tis within your pow'r to save,
Give but one blessing from your eyes:
Mist'ry of Fate! that yet I should not know,
Whether the Puny God's my friend or foe.

I'le view no more, and yet, alas!
What cannot such sweet objects move?
Where smiles (though clouded) seem to pass
The sentence of a blooming Love:
What greater joys can pleasing pow'rs decree
Where love from such imprisonment sets free?

A Dialogue between Strephon *and* Phillis.

Strep. Phillis, we have now too long
Dallied with the lip and tongue,
These no real joyes can move,
Action is the soul of Love.

Phill Do not kisses actions bare,
Songs and stories please the ear,
Smiling looks a perfect Bliss?
I know no other Love than this.

Strep. O! say not so, that wishing eye
Discovers what would hidden lye,
But yet, in vain, you must not shroud
The Queen of Beauty in a cloud.

Phill. No, I to *Venus* Laws should perjur'd be,
In keeping hid what Love is pleas'd to see.

Strep. The goddess frowns, be wise Nymph, and obey,
Come, we'll Improve our Love's a better way.

Phill. Ah! me poor ignorant!
And if there be a better way than this,
Say *Strephon*, shew thy *Phillis* how it is.

Chorus.

Then let's remove to some more friendly shade,
Where neither Sun shall see, or heat invade
To mix for envy with our flames,
While we perform what *Venus* claims;
And let us thus, O! thus Improve
Our Joyes, till we dissolve in Love.

The Knight Adventurer.

AFter a long and continent repose
From *Venus* service, and those ty'rsom foes;
The brisk young *Pego* arm'd with youthful state,
Resolves to make Adventure of his fate,
And in a second Expedition tryes
Who are Loves friends, and who his enemies:
The chiefest reas'n that did his fancy move,
Was to th' obliging sweet *Cunea*'s Love,
There on her fertil Land to pitch his Tent,
The pleasant's border on the Continent;
Free from the scorching Sun or humid Air,
But sweetly calm and ev'ry object fair;
Whilst hot-head *Pego* wanders thus alone,
Through Lands obscure, and places yet unknown;
With discontent and aking pain he strove
Still to draw near the Palace of his Love,

Beg-

Begging the Gods, and all the Fates below,
To grant him sight but of her *Parties*;
Big with desire, at length before his eyes
He something like a lovely Palace spies,
Behind a sweet and pleasant Mirtle Vale,
Two marble pillars on a Pedestal;
But, treach'rous Fate! with an excess of joy
He did his courage and his hopes destroy,
That object which had giv'n him life before,
Has now ensnar'd him, and his strength's no more;
For mad with heat, he hastens to the place,
And does the footsteps of his ruine trace;
The goodly Vision was a Well he found,
Adorn'd with banks, & fenc'd with bushes round,
Where many a wandring Lover had been drown'd,
Yet not contented, he's resolv'd to peep,
Poor thing! not knowing that the Well was deep,
Head being heavy, and his brains too light,
In [illegible] falls, and bids to all good-night;
There in a trance and agony he lay,
Scarce able to distinguish night from day;
Chance had with active nature such a strife,
Youl'd thought he had been just departing life,
But Love's officious messenger from thence
Soon to *Cumea* sent intelligence:
She (inoffensive) knew not what to say
For grief, to see how dead poor *Pego* lay,

With

With sudden fright she takes him from his Tomb,
And in a trice conveys him to her home:
O most unhappy Woman, then cryes she,
'That in my precincts this sad chance should be;
'My dearest *Pego*, I lament thy grief,
'And would to *Venus* I could give relief;
Then with a lift she laid him in her bed,
And with her gentle hand she held his head,
In soft Love-linnen his bruis'd head she wraps,
And gently wipes off the remaining drops;
His height of Valour now grown tame and meek,
Instead of red faint dews possess his cheek;
His body which had youthful Vigour shown,
Was now grown feeble and the spirit gone;
Those muscles which were once more stiff than board,
Are quite contracted and no strength afford;
In this condition lay the breathless Knight,
No small discomfort to his Lovers sight;
At length to consolate his dying heart,
To her sick Love does these words impart,
'My Dear, let not this chance thy life deprive,
'Think on thy Love and thou wilt straight revive;
'Hold up thy head, muse not on future harms,
'But once more rest in thy *Canes*'s arms;
'Methinks his pulse moves rather quick than slow,
'And yet I feel a dampness o're his brow;
'What gentle fervour in each joynt there feels,
'Yet when I go to set him up he reels:

Such

Such signs of life yet no more strength t'appear,
My Love is past recovery I fear,
Why should this branch which like a Cedar stood,
Commanding all the shrubs and under-wood
Now hang his head, wither, wax pale and dye,
From one poor blast of *Venus* treachery?
What shall I do? my charms I have forgot,
And my best remedy's an Antidote;
Yet this I'le sentence to revenge thy woe,
That well shall strictest penance undergo:
Then white as Ivory a vail was spread,
Over that dismal Cave where *Pego* bled,
That seeing his sick state, it might not be
The Author of a greater misery;
Hoping when once the spirits did unite,
She might enjoy him with more fresh delight;
And being well animated for the sport,
At second venture he might gain the Fort;
By this, Love's tending hand, and Nurse-like care,
Made *Pego* venture now to take the Air;
A kind refreshment his past labours greet,
Fain would he stand, but cannot find his feet:
But now the Sences to themselves being come,
His musing thoughts are of returning home:
This did his Love with diffrent passions fill,
Joy for his health, but anguish for his will.
My Dear (cryes she) and will you leave me so?
Ah! I shall surely bleed for't if you go.

If you forsake me, all my joyes are gone,
And Fancy'll haunt me when I lye alone,
And vain Imaginations then will prove
My only dear Companion and my Love.
Urge me no more, cryes he, lest I grow mad,
Y'enslave me only to make *Venus* glad:
Have I not arm'd my self both day and night?
And must I be a Vassal to delight?
Thus madly in revenge he will depart,
To cool his giddy brain and fire her heart:
For since his brains were turn'd he lost his wits,
And ev'ry other Moon he's mad by fits;
Then swear by *Jove*, I'le try the other fall,
And for her sake will venture neck and all:
But when he views and feels the painful scars,
The putrid sores and wounds of *Venus* Wars;
Rather than suffer such a foul abuse,
He'll keep his service for a better use,
Who being deliver'd from the pow'rful Hagg,
Now lives a private life in pudding-bagg.

Love's Conquest.

A Song.

WHen first in Loves Court fair *Eminda* was try'd,
No pleading was suffer'd but all was deny'd:
No

No ſuit or requeſts, no, nor threatnings could move
The vain-hearted Nymph to be ſubject to Love,
Till Wine and Diſcourſe
Had made ſome remorſe
And opened her eyes,
That at length ſhe mixt ſmiles with denies.

I declar'd how the pow'r of Love was abus'd
In denials of Bliſs, and how ſtrangely miſus'd,
When mutual pleaſures end both but in one,
That joy muſt be poor that's embraced alone;
For the Nymph that is coy,
In a dream will deſtroy
What Nature and Love
Whilſt awake, has aſſign'd her to prove.

But how oft the kind force did my paſſion prolong,
With the rape of her eyes, and the charms of her (tongue,
Till vigorous Love had once entred the Fort,
And finding alas 'twas in vain to retort,
She cry'd *Strephon* you kill,
Yet ſweetly lay ſtill,
Being pleas'd with the pain,
Cry'd, *Strephon*, Oh! *Strephon*—again.

In raptures and extaſies now ſhe was hurl'd,
And told me I'd brought her into a new world;

She

She chid her cold Sence that no sooner it knew
The warmth of Loves Engin, but warmer the dew;
Then kill me again,
'Tisthe pleasanter pain,
Dear Swain let me crave
You to stab in the wound which you gave.

The Protestation.
A Song.

THere is no Object to my eye
Seems fair, but what in thee is found;
Nor my dull ear hears melody,
Besides thy voice in any sound:
Or if my taste its proper art should miss,
There's nothing could restore it but a kiss.

May my true touch be chill'd by death,
If any thing is soft but thee;
Or if my smell besides thy breath,
Counts any thing perfume but thee:
May vultures banquet on me, whilst I see
My Rival joy, in an enjoying thee.

The Nuptial Triumph.

SEe from yon Palace where the gate's set wide,
The Bridegroom walks in triumph to his Bride;
A youth of the first hair, with tender skin,
That never yet felt razor on his chin,
But all's so soft, as would delight the Bliss,
And make his Bride indulgent to a kiss;
He tim'rous seems, as doubtful of his skill,
His ignorance scarce gives him pow'r to will;
Whole troops of doubts and fears affright his mind,
Like youth grown up to years undisciplin'd;
He sighs, at last possest with thoughtful joy,
Does all his wishes on the night employ.
Now nature tells, (thinks he) why so afraid?
I ne're found danger by my Mothers Maid;
Nature from her then taught me to be kind,
She not like nature then, 'twas I was blinde:
Now Virgins to my eyes seem richer things,
Than to a child appear the nuptial Rings.
Thus having thought, he does at once foreknow
His worldly blessing and his duty too;
In progress to his Rival Joy he goes,
With splendid garb which carelessly he throws
About him with neglect, as scorning pride,
The ground in richest *Roman* purple dy'd

And

And mixt with golden wires; for understand,
'Twas woven by his careful Mothers hand;
About the edge double Meanders run,
'Twas long in work by 'gainst this day 'twas done;
His count'nance sweet, his shoulders neatly spread,
As sometimes we have seen Gods figured;
In his bright eye the life of youth did shine,
As the day-star does from the Ocean's brine,
Where he hath newly washt himself appears,
And as he moves, the place about him clears:
So he his star-like eyes aim'd at the place,
Big with the thought of a long-wisht embrace.
Love troubles him, why she is absent still,
Till entring he finds time to gaze his fill;
At length she enters, arm'd with all parts fair,
Full ripe for man, of *Venus* the chief care;
A Virgins face, a Virgins chast attire,
Which though resembling snow might cause a fire
Warm blushes fill her cheeks, which by degrees
Grow still more hot, and scorch what e're she sees;
His youthful fire dispersed every-where
On tip-toe move to see this star appear;
Eyes turn'd to wishes, and on every hand
The aged Fathers, and the Matrons stand
And make a reverend lane for her to pass;
She makes them think upon the time that was
Their prime, their strength, which makes 'em now
Envy those virtues & bewail their own; (that's go

The Batchelors and Maidens simpring stand,
And swear by heav'n they'l marry out of hand;
Poor *Venus* Cooks, or Servitors at least,
Or lookers on that do but smell the Feast.
On still she goes, and by each arm she's led,
By a *Narcissus* and a *Ganimed.*
The earth on her, proud that her feet insist,
And grieves to part with what so late it kist.
Still as she further passes on the way,
With her loose locks the winds delight to play;
They wanton with her garments to behold
Her pictur'd vesture clouded late in gold;
Did not her coats conceal her heav'nly shape,
They'd blow her naked, and commit a rape.
But to pass by in this the Parsons share,
Proceed we to the weighty Night affair;
E're this the tim'rous and all-thinking Bride,
Is brought to th' place where she must now reside;
Yet now more concious of her strength and state,
Love does with fear begin t'expostulate;
Each strive in mirth the other to out-do,
Yet, transient joyes to those that must ensue,
Now break up revels, for their hours are come,
Her Purgatory, his *Elizium*:
There sweet she lay, just as the trembling dew
Upon a rose-bud, and the self-same hue
As rose-buds have, and so she hid her head,
Till his obliging heat her leaves had spread.

Now blest civility to him and her
All march, each minute pitying to defer,
And think that saying seasonably true,
That all men do as they'd be done unto;
Now left alone to kiss and talk awhile,
She while she can the time would fain beguile;
With sudden grief her cheeks are all bewept,
To lose so soon what she so long has kept;
He kindly treats her with his hand and tongue,
And tells her Love can never suffer wrong;
Yet thinking on't, she dares not let him in,
Doubting what's lawful, still so be a sin;
He with such gentle force compels the Lass,
As would not break her were she made of glass;
There with a loving arm and leg display'd,
He shrouds the soft and pain-expecting Maid;
Now *Venus* teaches 'em a new-found trade,
The Marriage-Queen now plays the Chamber-maid;
Juno her self is now officious grown,
And there attends to teach 'em wars unknown,
Whilst he seeks (after labour) for his rest,
On the soft pillows of her downy breast;
Her panting heart and breasts derive their fence,
Partly from fear, and from Obedience;
Still as his hand descends, all joys appear,
As if he did ascend the Hemisphear;
Before Joy's gates are open, thus he cryes,
Nature e're this has open'd sure your eyes;

Thou

Thou of my hopes, the ſtore-houſe and the treaſure,
My long expected and my neweſt pleaſure;
My heav'n, my deareſt life, this could not be
Without *Diana's* curſt ſeverity.
You ſhall no more the pow'r of Love withſtand;
At this ſhe turns, and ſtays his forward hand,
Trembling to think of what was to enſue,
Or prove the thing which yet ſhe never knew;
'Twixt hope and fear ſhe thus replies, O fair
And lovely youth, liſt to a Virgins prayer,
Pity my fears, put me to no affright;
I only crave reprieve but for this night:
The prayer was ſhorter than her fear or doubt,
Had it been long he'd ne're have heard it out;
But hoping the Bliſs might greater be
From expectation and Civility,
He urges thus, My hopes will melt away
If I permit one minutes more delay;
Muſt I relaps now I am rais'd ſo high?
O! let me know you once before I dye.
With that ſhe ſeems intranc'd, and proſtrate lyes,
Nor hath word to utter more, or eyes
To ſee her ſelf unvirgin'd, winks, lyes ſtill,
And ſince ſhe needs muſt, let him act his will;
There betwixt both they quench their am'rous fires,
She what ſhe fears, he what he moſt deſires.

A Song.

Phillis confirm the passion you own,
Since mine so apparent and just does prove,
Shun the disguise, my heart is known
To brook no hidden Love;
What I court I'le enjoy, or I'le give it o're,
I'le put no hope or fear on the score;
'Tis the fop-adoring
That still is imploring
Disdain or Love, I'le say no more.

Sure 'twas a dart but wantonly thrown,
That makes you conceal what your thoughts inspire,
Love when 'tis true will ne're disown,
The flame that caus'd the fire;
But you with your passion such jugling show,
That in the end you prove your own foe,
For when we come to trial
And find a denial,
To ease our thoughts we let it go.

Pleasing Hopes.
A Song.

WHat fancies of pleasure does Love all alone,
Propose to it self when the object is gone?

But

But alas! how vain is the ſtrength of that joy,
Which a word or a look has pow'r to deſtroy?

For though the firſt venture prove calm in her eyes,
In the ſecond acceſs a ſtorm may ariſe,
Then with ſighs and with grief are thoſe ſpirits diſ-play'd,
Who to comfort diſpair might have given their aid.

Thus Lovers with doubt a fond kindneſs purſue,
Whilſt fate for their follies proves falſe and untrue;
They're either poſſeſt with the thoughts of diſpair,
Or elſe lay on Love a continual care.

Then ſince we're indu'd with ſo gentle a ſoul,
That ev'ry ſmall ſignal our hearts may controul;
'Twere a ſign of Loves pity our cares to reſtrain,
By making us freemen without ſo much pain.

An Epitaph *on a merry Wife of* Windſor, *that died of the Stone in her Bladder.*

UNder this Stone *Moll Standford* lyes,
There's no great fear her Ghoſt will riſe,
Unleſs it be on Death to rail
That would not let her vent her Ale,
But had a mind to pick a quarrel,
And ſo in ſpight ſtopt up her barrel,

Thinking to rid her of her worldly pelf,
Struck in and turned Taplter there himself.

To Mistris E. M. upon his going to Sea.

SUre you by Amorous flames were ne're possest,
Since my (alas) does so unhappy prove,
That fierce Ambition drives me from your breast,
Slighting the charms of safety, and of Love.

New projects now arise, and modern cares
Breed new desires, yet let beatitude
Prolong your dayes, whilst turbults of affairs
I prize beyond the peace of solitude.

Ambitious hearts a quiet life despise,
Fortune's the subject of a *Hero*'s Love,
Whilst in her hand the worlds great treasure lyes,
Think not but merit may her bounty move.

Yet, may your Virtues ne're from this surmise
I can contemn so great, so sweet a Bliss,
Ungrateful Love is to it self unwise,
Blessings and Prayers are due for ev'ry kiss.

I could shake off this vain enticing fate,
Did but my wishes here at home prove true,
And

And all-kind thoughts to an effect create,
Your Rival (Fortune) I'd renounce for you.

But she by often whisp'ring in my ear,
Has now bereav'd me of a Deity,
Whilst to your Harbor still my coast I steer,
I'm prest before the Scepter of your eye.

Thus by your cruel Rival I'm trappan'd,
To think on Love 'tis but a punishment,
Who can at once two fatal pow'rs withstand?
To say the Gods, 'twere but a Complement.

Then precious moment hast to ease my pain.
Your presence to my griefs would comfort give,
Since I must wear no more this harmless chain,
Farewel to Love, but let *Dorinda* live.

Beauties Frailty.

DEceitful Nature! all those youthful Joyes
Thou dost bestow, thou art the first destroys,
Beauty's but frail, as time runs on it wasts,
And the more exercis'd, the more it hasts;
Not always can the purple Violet rest,
Or Lillies bloom in the Adorers breast;

For when that seat they can no longer grace,
They're laid aside, while fresh supply the place;
The fragrant rose whose beauty we admire,
The leaves once fall'n shews but a naked brier;
Fair objects have the shortest course to run,
The Lilly droops to the out-living Sun;
All the fine trimming that adorns the earth,
Has the full height of glory in its birth,
The shortest reign is from the time 'tis blown,
For when the colour spreads the beauty's gon;
Heav'n thought it too sufficient to decree
On mortal blessings Immortality;
Wonder we may if beauty then grow old,
Since that and favour are of equal mold;
'Tis Adoration gives those fresh supplies,
Which once remov'd, both fame and beauty dies:
So in the greatest Paragon appears
A Lease of Beauty, not for life, but years.

Epithalamium.

LIve one in heart so long, till time forget
you have been two,
Upon your bosoms, joyes more frequent sit
than pearls of dew
On earths fair cheek, but may
No Sun kiss one of these away.

Plenty

Plenty your tables, chast desires still meet
to Crown your beds,
And may the Bridegroom the first night beget
new Maiden-heads:
I could say more, but verse is ty'd,
Wild joyes in prose are best supply'd.

Acrosticon *on his lamented friend* G. I. *who after long service at Sea, was accidentally shot by his Friend.*

GO friendly fame, and tell his honours due,
Enclose my grief, but let his name renew,
On his cold Tomb methinks each word I see,
Run into tears and mourn at Destiny,
Guarded by fate from dread and bloody fight,
In falling thus, she ow'd her greatest spight;
O! pensive mortals, what untimely fate
Heav'n calls our sorrows to participate.
Nature and mem'ry shall inscribe thy Dust
Sweet, Sober, Civil, Valiant and Just;
O! Chance that hand which so much friendship mov'd,
Now has the flower cropt which most it lov'd.

The

The tyr'd Pilgrim.

COme honest Sexton take thy spade,
And let my grave be quickly made,
Thou still art ready for the dead,
Like a kind host to make a bed,
I now am come to be thy guess,
Let me in some dark lodging rest,
For I am weary, full of pain,
And of my Pilgrimage complain,
Which hath been tedious, but I find
The fates to me at length are kind,
And did it sure for pity sake
Of my poor weakness shorter make;
To heav'ns decree I fainting lye,
Being most ready now to dye.
Make my cold bed good Sexton, Deep,
That my poor bones may safely sleep,
Until that sad, and joyful day,
When from above a voice shall say,
Wake all ye dead, lift up your eyes,
The great Creator bids you rise,
Then do I hope among the Just
To shake off this polluted dust,
And with new robes of Glory drest
To have a seat among the blest;
Hark! hark! I hear the Passing-bell,
Farewel, my loving friends, Farewel.

Lover Extatick.

AS Saints, when they a Viſion ſpie,
Struck with amaze and extaſie,
Do their whole ſence and ſoul unite,
To give attendance to the ſight,
Till ev'ry look or thought employ'd
Is loſt i'th' pleaſure it enjoy'd:
So when my *Cloris* I accoſt,
I gaze and wonder till I'm loſt,
And thence conclude, that if there be
A Heav'n upon earth 'tis ſhe:
When from her eyes I feel a pain,
I'm cur'd by looking on again,
And when my ſadneſs ſhe'd beguil,
She darts me with a killing ſmile;
Thus all in charms I'm cover'd o're,
But of her pow'r, O! name no more!
Leſt ev'ry thought that flows from thence
Commit a rape upon my ſence,
And make me thus devoted, prove,
A Martyr of imperfect Love.

Phi-

Philomels Call.
A Song.

HArk how in yonder shady Grove,
Sweet *Philomel* is warbling Love,
And with her voice is courting Kings,
For since she was a bird she sings,
There is no pleasure but in men,
Oh come and ravish me again.

Ye Virgins that are young and fair
May kiss, and grow into a pair,
Then warm and active use your blood,
Let no could thought congeal the flood;
Use what Love and Nature's sent,
Lest age you envy, and repent.

Impatience.
A Song.

AH! Cruel eyes that first enflam'd
My poor resistless heart,
That when my thoughts I would have blam'd
They still encreast the smart;
What pow'r above,
Creats such Love,

To

To languiſh with deſire,
May ſome diſdain
Encreaſe my pain,
Or may the flame expire.

And yet I die to think how ſoon
My wiſhes may return,
If ſlighted, and my hope once gon
I muſt in ſilence mourn,
Then Tyranneſs
Do but expreſs
The myſtrie of your pow'r,
'Tis as ſoon s'ed
You'l love and wed
As ſtudying for't an hour.

I yield to fate though your fair eyes
Have made the pow'r your own,
'Twas they that did my heart ſurpriſe
Dear Nymph, 'twas they alone,
Let not my flame
Pronounce your Name
So cruel and unkind,
When I have ſtrove
So long in Love,
To leave my Joyes behind.

Good Night.

BId me no more Good Night; because
'Tis dark, must I away?
Love doth acknowledge no such Laws,
And Love 'tis I obey;
Who blind, doth all your light despise
And hath no need of eyes.
When day is fled,
Besides the Sun which you
Complain is gone, 'tis true
Is gone to bed,
Then let us do so too.

Surprising Favour. A New-Years Gift.

WHen fair *Miradora* first honour'd my sight;
I was blest with surprise, and amaz'd with (delight
My sence was so weak, I was forc't to withdraw
My eyes from the beautiful object I saw,
With what honour it strook
When she gave but a look?
Then blest be those eyes, and more blest the tongue
That so many blessings has heapt in a throng.

Whe

Where beauty and generous honour conjoyn,
The one full of pow'r the other Divine;
It does on the humble new fancies bestow,
And makes him imagine a heaven below:
Ah! the pleasant relief
That honour can give
Where beauty commands, what pow'r can detain?
Were the Gods upon earth they'd find 'twere in vain.

Then fairest since you are a Deity here,
My first fruits I offer, the first of this year;
May your beauty old time and his minutes servive,
And may your kind honour your beauty out-live;
May each hour and each day
Be delightful as *May*;
May this my oblation your favours enjoy,
You Crown me with bless and my sufferings destroy.

On his Mistriss walking in the Garden.

TEll gay Spring and let me know
What pretty feet they were that so
Impress the earth and made such flowers grow?
Sure she was a Queen at least,
Or a goddess 'bove the rest,
And all their graces in her self express;

O!

O! 'twere a fame
To know her name,
Whether she were the foot,
Or did they take Impression from her foot.

The Moraliſt.

TOo weak are human eyes to pry
Into the ſhades of deſtiny,
Fate ſpreads a curtain to our ſight,
Through which a faint imperfect light,
Serves only to perplex our way,
As blinking Meteors make us ſtray;
What can the jugling Prieſt foretel
In his ambiguous Oracle?
Cheating our judgments, whilſt he ſhrouds
Vain riddles in myſterious clouds:
Wiſely did Providence deny
To human Curioſity,
That only priviledge to look
In deſtinies eternal Book:
For ſhould we know our periods, then
We ſhould do more or leſs than men.

The murdered Beauty.

THe young, the fair, the chaft, the good,
The sweet *Clorifla* in a flood
Of her own Crimson lyes,
A bloody, bloody sacrifice,
To death, and mans inhuman cruelties.
Weep Virgins till your sorrow swells
In tears, above those Ivory cells
That guard those Globes of light,
Drown, drown, those beauties of your eyes,
Beauty should mourn when beauty dies,
And make a general night
To pay her Innocence its Funeral right.
Death since his Empire first begun,
So foul a Conquest never won,
Nor yet so fair a prise,
And had he had a heart or eyes,
Her beauty would have charm'd his cruelties;
Even savage beasts will beauty spare,
Fierce Lyons fawn upon the fair,
Nor dare offend the chaft;
But vitious man, that sees and knows
The mischiefs his wild fury does,
And not to check it in the least,
Proves but ungovern'd man the greatest beast.

The Desperate Lover.

OH that I ne'r had known the pow'r of Love!
That ign'rant of the sweetness I might rest,
In supposition what the bliss might prove,
My knowledge has reviv'd a fate unblest,
And by acquaintance of so much Delight
I'm tortur'd by the pleasure of my sight.

In vain was so much sweetness plac'd upon
A stubborn heart, a Panther and a Dove,
Cruel and fair, were never meant for one,
Resign thy beauty or afford me Love,
Or shall I pray by silence till may prove
What Lovers us'd t'expound, consent to Love.

Let not suspition draw thy wishing eye,
Thou mayst commit thy self to silent groves,
The listning trees grooms of thy bed shall be,
The Air close Secretary to our Loves;
Be not so coy then to receive a kiss,
Thou might'st have kill'd me seven times ere this.

Must I be miserable, and in vain
Give invitations to Love's pleasing Wars?
Too well I feel the proof of thy disdain,
Sighing and cursing my malignant Stars;

And while I chide the fates that gave me birth,
Repentance rob thy eyes t'enrich the earth.

Justice, thou Queen of more than mortal sway,
Punish with sorrow my contemners pride,
And by some strange and most prodigious Way,
Let her the weight of thy revenge abide;
And since her heart to me a rock hath prov'd,
Let her so love at last, and dye unlov'd.

---

4. Song.

BEauty that it self can kill
Through the finest temper'd steel,
Can those wounds she makes endure,
And insult it o're the brave;
Since she knows a certain Cure
When she is dispos'd to save.
But when a Lover bleeding lyes
Wounded by other arms,
And that she sees those harms
For which she knows no remedies;
Then Beauty sorrows livery wears,
And while she melts away in tears,
Drooping in sorrow shews
Like Roses overcharg'd with morning dews.

Nor do women though they wear,
The most tender character,
Suffer in this case alone;
Hearts enclos'd with Iron walls
In humanity must groan
When the fame and virtue falls;
Careless courage would not be
An honor, but a shame,
Nor bear the noble name
Of valour, but Barbarity;
The Generous ev'n in success
Lament their Enemies distress,
And scorn it should appear,
Who are the conquer'd with the Conquerer.

The Silent Lover.

Must I be silent? no, and yet forbear,
Convey thy passion rather in some tear,
Or let a sigh express how much thy bliss
Depends on her, or breath it in a kiss,
And mingle souls; loud accents call the eyes
Of envy, and but waken jealousies;
Then silence be my Language, which if she
But understand and speak again to me,
We shall secure our fate, and prove at least,
The miracle of Lovers silent breast;

Bar frowns from our Discourse, and every where
A smile may be his own Interpreter:
Thus shall we read, in spight of standers-by,
Whole volumes in the twinkling of an eye.

Distempered Love.

SO wretched are the sick of Love,
No herb has vertue to remove,
The growing ill,
But still,
The more we Remedies oppose
The Fever more malignant grows.
Doubts do but add unto desire,
Like oyl that's thrown upon the fire,
Which serves to make the flame aspire;
And not t'extinguish it:
Love has its trembling, and its burning fit.
Fruition which the sick propose
To end, and recompence their woes;
But ruins them more,
To more,
And curing one, does but prepare
A new, perhaps a greater Care;
Enjoyment even in the chast,
Pleases, not satisfies the taste,

And licenc'd Love the worst can fall,
Such is the Lovers state,
Pining and pleas'd, alike unfortunate.

On his Mistris asleep.
A Song.

CEase warring thoughts, and let her brain
Such pleasing fancies entertain,
As make a pulse in ev'ry vein.

Ye Cristal Rivers that are nigh
As your streams are passing by,
Teach your murmurs Harmony.

Ye winds that wait upon the Spring,
And perfumes to flowrs do bring,
Know, Love's the Mistris of a King.
And let your sweet and Amorous whispers here,
Breath soft and pleasant Musick in her ear.

Shroud the Sun, and let each tree
To her a kind *umbrella* be,
And let her dreams be all on me.

Ye warbling Nightingales repair
From ev'ry grove to charm this Air,
For her the fairest of the fair.

And

And with the wonders of your breſt
Each ſtriving to excel the reſt,
Who can charm my *Silvia* beſt;
That when 'tis time to wake her, cloſe your parts,
And drop down from the trees with broken hearts.

The Souldiers Song.

TO arms! to arms! the *Heroes* cry
A glorious death or Victory,
Beauty and Love, although combin'd,
And each ſo pow'rful alone,
Cannot prevail againſt a mind
Bound up in reſolution.
Tears their weak influence vainly prove,
Nothing the daring breaſt can move,
Honour is blind, and deaf, ev'n deaf to Love.
The field! the field! where valour bleeds,
Spurn'd into duſt by barbed Steeds;
Inſtead of wanton Beds of Down,
Is now the Scene where we muſt try,
To overthrow, or be o'rethrown,
Bravely to overcome, or dye.
Honour in her int'reſt ſits above
What Beauty, Prayers, or tears can move;
Were there no honour there would be no Love.

Vain Ambition.

HOw the vain world ambitiously aspires,
And falls insensibly in its desires;
Just as the Sun climbing the Skies,
He still in brighter beams does rise,
Till in his full Meridian plac'd,
His glories thence decline as fast;
So men by dangerous degrees
Arrive at honours precipice,
Striving ambitiously to get,
To brighter stations higher yet;
There, wanting footing for their pride,
They totter on the other side,
And in one act do forfeit more
Than all they had attain'd before.

To Dorinda *after Absence.*

HEav'n guard my fair *Dorinda*, some that know
How far the time's increast
Since I beheld thy lovely brow,
Would count an Age at least;
But unto me
Whose thoughts are still on thee
I vow
By those dear eyes, 'tis but an hour ago. That

That Mistriss I esteem but poor in bliss,
That when her servant parts
Gives not as much with her last kiss
As will maintain two hearts
Till both do meet
To taste what else is sweet:
Is't fit
Time measure Love or our affection it?

A Moral Song.

HOw frailty makes us to our wrong
Fear, and be loth to dye,
When life is only dying long,
And death the Remedy!
We shun Eternity,
And still would grovel here beneath,
Though still in woe and strife,
When life's the path that leads to death,
And death the door to life.

The fear of death is the Disease
Makes the poor Patient smart,
Vain apprehensions often freeze
The vitals of the heart,
Without the dreaded dart.

When

When fury rides on pointed steel,
Death's fear the heart doth seize,
Whilst in that very fear we feel
A greater sting than his.

A Dialogue between Fame *and* Virtue.

Vir. RIse golden Fame, and give thy name a birth
From great and generous actions done on (earth.

Fam. The life of Fame is action.

Vir. ——— Understood
That action must be virtuous great and good.

Fam. Virtue it self by Fame is oft protected
And dyes obscure ———

Vir. That's where the Fame's neglected.
Great actions oft obscur'd by time may lye
drown'd in oblivion.

Fam. But they oftner last to Memory.

Vir. But all do help to lift me to Eternity.

Chorus.

Thus while Fame's rising, Virtue flies to Heav'n,
And leaves a light here brighter than the seven.

The

The Boon Companion.
A Song.

HAng formal debates, let's fill up our bowls,
And bouſe a briſk health to thoſe generous ſouls
That Beauty enchants, and muſick controuls.
For a chat and a hum,
Like the ſound of a Drum,
Makes our liquor ſo baſe
Whilſt neglected it lyes
Like a bait for the flies,
Then take't while it ſmiles in your face.

Come on my brave Lad, here's a health to thy Miſs,
Here's another to thine, and to the next kiſs,
Methinks merry heart there's Muſick in this.
All the fault that I know,
He's one Cup too low,
Then pray ſcrew him up,
Leaſt when we go to play
On our pipes, he ſhall ſay
He's hoarſe, for want of his Cup.

'Tis friends and good liquor's the ſoul of our mirth,
And though every man has a ſoul from his birth,
Yet without good wine he's a dry lump of earth.

Then

Then think not on ſorrow,
Or care for to morrow,
But away let it paſs,
We'l ſo dabble our Cares
And vain idle fears,
Till they ſink to the bottom o'th glaſs.

Ples for Enjoying.

LOok on thoſe Jewels that abound
Upon your dreſs, that Diamond
No flame, or luſtre could impart,
Should not the Lapidaries Art
Contribute here, and there a Star,
And juſt ſuch things ye women are,
Who do not in rude quarreys ſhine,
But meeting us y'are made divine;
Then let us mix our ſelves and prove
That action is the ſoul of Love.
Why do we coward-gazing ſtand,
Like Armies in the *Netherland*?
Contracting fear at either's ſight,
Till we both grow too weak to fight,
Let's charge for ſhame, and chuſe you whether
One ſhall fall, or both together,
This is Loves War whoever dyes,
If the ſurviver be but wiſe,

He

He may reduce the ſpirits fled,
For t'other kiſs will cure the dead.

The brave Bubber.
A Song.

COme drawer ſome wine, ſend a ſlave from below,
Our preſence attendance affords,
Though we cannot make ſhew like his Lordſhip, or ſo,
Yet we can be as drunk as Lords.

'Tis he ſhuns care that ſcorns to be great,
For when Sack has once tickl'd his ſcull,
He cares not a ſtraw or a grain of wheat,
For *Cham* or the Great *Mogull*.

'Tis Beauty and mirth is all that we aim,
We offer to no other ſhrine,
The glaſs is our Altar, our thoughts are the flame
That heightens the Sacrifice, Wine.

Then laugh at the World, and fortune deſpiſe,
Since mirth feeds the ſoul with delight,
Let's drink a ſweet Health to our Miſtriſſes eyes,
Till our own eyes bid us good Night.

Love's Universe.
A Song.

HOw vast an extent has Love's Empire and (Throne,
That not Heaven or Earth will its pow'r dis- (own,
The Gods so respect it, they let it take place,
While mortals adore it in each pretty face,
The Contents of this World, and the blessings above,
Do harmonize all but an eccho of Love:
Should Love in a frolick but once take his flight,
The Poets themselves would forget how to write.

Though it be such a Jewel, yet Ladies take care
How you meet with corrupt and adulterate ware;
There's Love out of fashion, that's ready to dye,
But your Love in the Mode has intrigue by the by:
Though the vain idle humour of fashion or wit
Condemns to what honour is proud to submit,
'Tis the Passion Heroick, obliging and just,
That makes Love immortal and bloom in the dust.

On a Lady masked, supposed to be Dorinda.

SO have I *Cynthia* seen her face to hide,
O'recast with modest clouds, and loose her light,
So

So have I seen the brightest Stars deni'd,
To shew their beauty in some gloomy night,
So Angels pictures have been veiled o're,
That men might more devoutly them adore;
She tempted *Adam*, but shee's wiser grown,
To bar our knowledge from a fruit unknown;
It's but a guess, if it *Dorinda* prove,
I'le call the fruit, if not unknown, the Love.

Moderation.
A Song.

HOw strangely the passion and spirits retire,
When the fond fickle Lover has quencht his desire!
So tender a thing is the spirit of man,
That with some, if once baulkt try and do what you can,
No Charm can recall, or allurement invite,
Such is the poor soul that is sick with delight.

He comes with a petulant spirit half bent,
And no sooner enjoyes but begins to repent;
Though the Nymph still indulge him and dally a while,
He returns her his thanks in a kiss and a smile,
When the Fop might by trying, such folly deprive,
In the Virtue she has both to kill and revive.

Enjoy-

Enjoyment the end of all bliss has its measure,
To be fond'd to delight makes a toy of a pleasure
Those joys we repeat are both free and at ease,
We take when we list, and we change when we please
To the soul that is active, no pleasure it proves
For a man to be ty'd to the thing that he loves.

Leisure.

A Song.

TO what modest grief is a Lover confin'd,
Where the tongue dare not utter the truth of the heart
Yet it strengthens the force in a generous mind,
And makes him still think what his love would impart
For the more he thinks on, the more happy 'twill prove
When he comes to appearance to plead for his Love.

WHen our hearts are new kindl'd to jump at a Beauty
But like a *French* on-set comes off with a blast,
We ought to wait Leisure, 'tis civil and duty,
Let's love by degrees and the longer 'twill last.

He that jumbles his Love and Enjoyment together,
Makes two months of Summer and ten of cold wea-
(ther.
Kind Love like a tender and delicate flow'r,
Wants only Improvement to make it endure,
But so oft 'tis transplanted, which makes it each hour
So droop and decay that its almost past cure,
Unless some fair Nymph whose enchantments can
(bring,
To make it refresh a perpetual Spring.

Epithalamium on E. W. *and* R. S.

MAy all felicity betide
The comely Bridegroom and his Bride;
May those delights the Morn shall bring
Be endless as their nuptial ring;
May they be constant, and exceed
Each others wishes, hopes and Creed;
May the three Regions of the Air,
Four showers of blessings on this pair;
May *Sol* and *Cynthia* with their rays,
Silver their nights, and guild their dayes.

Chorus.

All joys attend, and best of fate,
This fair *Adonis* and his Mate.

2. Staza.

May all the Elements conſpire,
To make them bleſt in their deſire;
May all their Stars on them reflect
Their middle looks in Trine Aſpect;
May all the Angels them defend
From ev'ry thing doth ill portend;
May Angels, Stars and Elements
Afford them ſuch compleat contents,
That they have nothing elſe to wiſh
But a perſeverance of bliſs.

Chorus.
All joys attend, and beſt of fate,
This fair *Adonis* and his Mate.

Black eyes and enticing frowns.
To Lucina.

BLack eyes, in your dark orbs doth lye,
My ill or happy deſtiny;
If with clear looks you me behold,
You give me treaſures full of Gold;
If you dart forth diſdainful rays,
To your own dy you turn my days.

That

That Lamp which all the Stars doth blind,
To modeſt *Cynthia* is leſs kind,
Though you do wear to make you bright
No other dreſs than that of night;
He glitters only in the day,
You in the dark your beams diſplay.
The cunning Thief that lurks for prize
At ſome dark corner watching lyes;
So that heart-robbing God doth ſtand
In thoſe black Jems, with ſhaft in hand,
To riffle me of what I hold,
More precious far than *Indian* Gold.
Ye pow'rful Necromantick eyes,
Who in your Circles ſtrictly pryes,
Will find that *Cupid* with his dart
In you doth practiſe the black Art;
And by thoſe ſpells I am poſſeſt,
Tries his concluſions in my breſt.
Though from thoſe objects frowns ariſe,
Some kind of frowns become black eyes,
As pointed Diamonds being ſet,
Caſt greater luſtre out of Jet;
Thoſe pieces we eſteem moſt rare,
Which in night-ſhadows poſtur'd are.
Darkneſs in Churches congregates the ſight,
Devotion ſtrays in open daring light.

Grief for Abſence.

AS the parch'd field doth thirſt for rain,
When the Dog-ſtar makes ſheep and ſwain
Of an unuſual drowth complain,
So thirſt I to ſee thee again.

As the chac'd Deer doth pant and bray
After ſome brook, or cooling bay,
When Hounds have worried her aſtray,
So do I pant for th'approaching day.

As the forſaken Dove doth moan
When her beloved Mate is gone,
And never reſts whilſt ſhe's alone,
So of my ſelf I'm weary grown.

Or as the troubl'd earth doth mourn
In black (like Lover at an Urn)
Till *Phœbus* quickning beams return,
Whilſt I in dire impatience burn.

Magnetick Influence.

AS to the Pole the Lilly bends
In a Sea-Compaſs, and ſtill tends

By

By a Magnetick Myſterie
Unto the Artick point in skie,
By which the doubtful Piloteer
His courſe in gloomy nights do ſteer:
So the ſmall needle of my heart
Does point to you, who doth impart
Atoms of Love, and ſo imbarks
All my affections, which like ſparks
Fly up, and guid my ſence by this,
To the full centre of its bliſs.

Miſtriſs J. K.
A Surpriſal.

Apelles Prince of Painters, did
All others in that Art exceed;
But you ſurpaſs him, for he took
Some pains and time to draw a look;
You in a trice and moment ſpace,
Have in my heart pourtray'd your face.

On Silvia.

About the light as the poor Fly,
Doth flutter and approach ſo nigh,

Till up and down ſtill as ſhe skips,
With flame her Lawny wings ſhe clips;
So my Affection 'bout the eyes
Of heart-inflaming *Silvia* flies;
Till *Phœnix*-like they into aſhes burn,
Yet ſtill raiſe new affections from the Urn.

Praiſe and Diſpraiſe.
Thyrſis *and* Alexis.

Alex. O *Thyrſis* if that Saint-like ſoul you knew,
The fair *Laurina*, all that's Heavens due,
You'd willingly beſtow on her, and cry,
Laurina is my only Deity;
Her eyes are like thoſe heav'nly twins, except
That of themſelves they ſhine, not by reflect,
Wherein through Cryſtal caſements one may ſpy,
The Queen of Love ſeated in Majeſty.
Her fore-head as the Marble ſmooth and plain,
Her cheeks alike, but that half dy'd in grain;
Her locks might ſerve well for a net to take
A Hermit, or an Angel captive make;
A ſmile to move a *Stoick* voice ſo ſhrill
That all *Arcadia* would with Eccho's fill:
A ſweeter breath never perfum'd the Air,
Her lips leaſt touch would a dead corps repair.

Thyrſis.

Thyrſis. Theſe are perfections all in outward ſhew;
But if her inward qualities you knew,
What you ador'd before you would deteſt,
Turn Love to hate, (or pity at the leaſt;)
Her breaſt's a ſhop of Fraud, her heart a Mill,
That reſtleſs thoughts do grind to wound or kill;
Her brain's a ſtill that at all hours doth ſtrain
Deſtructive cruel notions of diſdain;
Her eyes are windows of falſe lights, and cryes,
Her tongue a flap of perjury and lyes;
Her chin is double like her heart, her cheeks
Have pits, as 'twere to bury whom ſhe ſeeks
To ruine, this rare treaſure you deſcry,
Is a fine lump of Dame Hypocriſie;
He that's indulg'd into ſo great a cheat,
Binds ſence and ſoul apprentice to deceit.

A brief Survey of this diſproportion'd World.

THis lower World but like a mighty Inn,
And men the rambling Paſſengers, wherein
Some do warm Lodgings find, and that as ſoon
As out of natures Cloſſets they ſee noon,
And find the tables ready laid; but ſome
Muſt for their commons walk, and trudge for room;
With eaſie pace ſome climb promotions hill,
Some in the Dale, do what they can, ſtick ſtill;

Some through falſe glaſſes fortune ſmiling ſpy,
Who ſtill keeps off though ſhe appears hard by;
Some like the Oſtrich with their wings do clutter,
But cannot fly or ſoar above the gutter;
Some quickly fetch, and double good Hopes Cape,
Some ne're can do't though the ſame courſe they ſhape;
So are poor mortals juſt like tennis Balls,
Toſs'd ſome o're line, ſome under fortunes walls;
As if 'twere heav'ns high pleaſure man ſhould ly
Obnoctious to this partiality;
Yet by induſtrious wayes he may contend
Nature's ſhort pittance to improve and mend;
Yet all we crave, that Fortune would preſent
Our kind endeavours with a true content;
That induſtry might never fail t'advance
His patient Sons above the reach of chance.

Double Influence.

SEe how the ſottiſh World adores
Beauty in ev'ry face,
While zeal the chaſtity implores
T'enjoy the wiſh'd for place;
Thus Beauty cannot all ſuffice
To feaſt a Lovers heart,
For *Adam* found in Paradice
The more obliging part.

The

The killing eye, the bleſſing lip
That ſhews the art of Love,
Is but a poor and thirſty ſip
Our burning hearts to prove,
Had we no more to feaſt the ſence
Then what all eyes may view,
We'd ſoon diſtil our quinteſſence
And bid the world Adieu.

Venus wasn't Goddeſs for her face,
But ſomething elſe *Jove* knew;
Thank Heav'n for that ſomething elſe,
That you're a Goddeſs too;
Yet prize your fare and think not ill,
Though *Jone*'s my Lady at night;
For 'tis the killing Beauty ſtill
That muſt renew delight.

A Song.

I Told young *Jenny* I lov'd her (her,
With a zeal that I thought would have mov'd
I gave her earneſt in hand to boot,
For I knew by my bargain I could ſtand to't;
But the Gipſie cunningly taught by her Sire,
Cry'd, Marry or elſe forſake me,

When

When you've fill'd my belly and your desire,
You'l be hanged before you will take me.

While her Dad of his own accord Sir,
Made himself as drunk as a Lord Sir,
In hopes t'have found it a Wedding-day,
I took up my *Fenny* and car'd her away:
Let her scratch and bite, let her kick and wince
Now I've got her into my clutches,
She's witty and fair, she's a Jem for a Prince
And in time she may be a Dutchess.

The pleasant Toyl.

HOw great a slave is active man
To passion, and his will?
Drudging with all the art he can
His wishes to fulfil,
Whilst like poor *Sisiphus* he strives
To roul his stone the more,
No sooner to its end arrives,
But 'tis as 'twas before.

How many a tedious night and day
For one poor minute's spent?
Never did Papist fast and pray
So zealously in *Lent*;

Those

Thoſe ſtomack-ſtaying bits your think
Your hunger make retire,
They're but like reliſh for your drink,
That makes you ſtill the dryer.

How like a dream when once enjoy'd?
As if it ne're had been,
Like ſences ſtupifi'd and cloy'd,
That let no pleaſure in;
Tis true fruition gives reward
To ev'ry painful Son,
Yet though ſuch raptures it afford,
'Tis dull when all is done.

A Ballade *on a Country Wedding.*

I Tell thee *Jack* as I zought out
A ſtragling Lamb that ſtray'd about
The wott'n-berry Plain,
Mine eyes zaw zuch brave things i'th' way
As I ne're zaw before that day,
Nor ne're ſhall zee again.

From *Bran-hill* houſe there came a band
Of (I s'poſe) *Londiners*, hand in hand,

Dreſt

Dreſt woundy brave and fine:
But O their Leader was a Lad
In ſuch a curious habit clad
That he did all outſhine.

Our Lord o'th' Town bears not ſuch Port
When ſit prating Law i'th' Court
With's Tenants round about,
Should he be on the Green at night
(*Jack*) thee and I each Laſs would ſlight
And crowd to take him out.

But wot you why he went ſo gay,
It ſeems it was his Wedding-day,
And now to Church he go:
Methought he lookt oft at the Sun,
As if he wiſht his race were run,
So did the Bride alſo.

The Bride the braveſt in the row
Our Town and all our Hundred too
Can't ſhew the like I'le ſware,
I ne're ſaw Lady at a *May*
Or *Shrovetide*, or on *Whitſonday*
That might with her compare.

Of the two *Indies* I've been told
Where men find precious ſtones and Gold,

I care not where they are:
Nor do I care to go to see,
But doubtleſs if ſuch things there be,
I think they'r both in her.

Her ſparkling eyes are Jems ſo fair,
Their luſtre dims the twinkling Star,
Which bids our Shepherds fold;
Her lips are Coral of great price,
Her breath is Violet-buds, and Spice
Whoſe worth cannot be told.

The other *Indies* men call Weſt,
Theſe ſhe hath too, and he is bleſt
That ſought their ſecret treaſure,
But did he dig in thoſe Mines through,
So oft as ſome in thought did do
He'd labour out of meaſure.

Her milky skin and front did ſhow
Like Meadows clad in Winters ſnow
Or *Cotſhal* wool new dreſt;
Or like the girdle of the skie
Or a ſmooth Mount of Ivory,
Or like to curds new preſt.

Her cheeks (wherein both Roſes joyn)
Seem'd milk commixt with Claret wine,

Such as we drank last *May-day*;
No Tulip e're such colour wore,
They look'd like Strawberries sugar'd o're,
Such as we eat last Play-day.

When to the new-swept Church they came,
The lightning which the Queenly Dame
Shot from her eyes so bright
Struck blind the Parson, so that he
Poor Beauty-blasted man, could see
Scarcely to read aright.

For all his Coat or Gravity
I think he wisht as ill as I
Or any that stood by her,
Though all did look as who should say
Their very souls did melt away,
And drop, with self-desire.

The rites done (which like long grace do
But keep them off that would fall to)
These two, now one, went home,
And call'd the waiters (*sans* delay)
To serve the dinner up, though they
Had their Feast yet to come.

The Cooks to give the Guests content
Had plundred ev'ry Element,

And rifl'd Sea and Shore.
Beſhrew my heart I ne're did ſee
Boards deckt with ſuch variety,
Nor laden with ſuch ſtore.

Now were our heads with Roſes crown'd,
And flowing cups ran ſwiftly round,
We all did drink like fiſhes;
That joy and pleaſure might betide
The Bridegroom, 'ſpecially the Bride,
Each luſty Gallant wiſhes.

The womens eyes dwelt on the Maid,
Some lik'd this Lace, ſome that, and ſaid
'Twas *à la Mode du France.*
And drew the picture of the peak;
But then the Youth did ſilence break,
And call'd them forth to dance.

No dapper Elves or light-heel'd Fawns
Could nimblier Trip it o're the Lawns,
Or Faries o're the green.
Though by the Bride all were as far
Out-ſtript as friſking Faries are
By Miſtriſs *Mab* the Queen.

No *Jack-a-Lent* danc'd ſuch a way,
No Sun upon an *Eaſter-day*

Is such a bonny sight.
Yet in her eyes I read that she
Meant to out-strip her self, and be
Much nimbler far at night.

Now Supper came and healths went round
In swinging cups of Sack we drown'd
The slow and tedious Day.
In singing, kissing oft, and dancing,
In sighing, wishing well, and glancing,
We past the time away.

Till th' Nightingale did chant her Vesper
And our curl'd dogs were warn'd by *Hesper*
To congregrate our sheep.
Till the gay Planet of the East
Took leave of *Iris* and did hast
To's Sea-green Couch to sleep.

Now (*Jack*) the modest willing Bride,
With busie Virgin crew, aside
Was stoll'n to undress.
The Youth whose active blood began
To strike up Love's *Tantara*, came
Within an hour and less.

In came he where she blushing lay,
'Twixt joy and fear, as who would say,

O

O! that the time were paſt;
What pity 'tis we ſtill ſhould ſtay,
And make them riper Joyes delay,
Only a kiſs to taſt!

But ſtill as 'twere to croſs their bliſs,
The Bride-Maids Banquet enter'd is,
The youth devour'd it half,
To end it, not his taſt to pleaſe;
For minding thoſe ſweets coming, theſe
Were dull, as whey or chaff.

At laſt, the lights and we went out;
Now what remain'd to do, they do't.
Some ſay they dance a jig;
If ſo (*Jack*) it was ſuch (by Dad)
As thou and I o'th' hay-mow had
With *Jenny* and with *Peg*.

The Virtue of a Hot-houſe.

AMong the various youthful Sports
Us'd in the Countreys or the Courts,
Young blood to animate or ſtir up
There needs no Cordial or Syrup,
Each to divert 'em have their fancies,
Some foot Ball love, ſome Countrey-dances;

Some wreſtle, others play at Back-ſword,
Or elſe at Cudgels, if they lack Sword,
Others that are more grave and cunning
Will catch themſelves a heat with running;
Cricket or Gauff, which with ſome men is
As pretty a ſport as Trap or Tennis;
But I can tell you of a Feat
A way to catch your ſelves a heat,
That ſhall not put you to that labour
As does a Piper with his Tabor;
Nay, though you ſit as ſtill as Lamb,
Shall make you ſweat like Bacon-ham;
No *Cheſhire-Cheeſe*, I tell you truly
E're ſweat ſo in the midſt of *July*,
And after you'll be brisk and hoddy,
As any louſe that lives by body;
Th' Experiment I learn'd (in ſhort)
Within the precincts of the Court;
Three loving Youngſters (as I heard)
That ſome approaching tumor fear'd,
To recreate themſelves would try
Some new preventing remedy;
One ſtreigth preſcribes 'tis good to ſweat,
T'other cryes no, 'twill make one wet;
The third preſcribes a vein to bleed on,
But the firſt project was agreed on;
Away they trudge and ſtrip like Thraſhers
To ſpeake their tallow rathers;

But

But in good faith to tell you what houſe
I know not, but 'twas call'd a Hot-houſe;
'Twas hot, for had you but gone in there,
You'ld ſwore the Sun had only been there,
To ſee the Raſcals ſweat and puff
Like any *Smithfield* Pig in Buff,
One was jeering, t'other boaſting,
Who ſhould longeſt be a roaſting,
T'other laugh'd, and ſwore his crupper
Was grilliading for his Supper;
They had not thus been long a ſwelling,
But in the Cook-room ſteps in *Ellen*,
For ſhe well knew 'twas high time then
To Cook and dreſs the Gentlemen;
There ſate the Youths with modeſt look,
As if they would have kiſs'd the Cook;
And well they might, for none was able
To know his Trap-ſtick from his Navle;
Ellen with care purſues her office,
For in that trade ſhe was no novice,
There with a cleanly clout of linnen,
Made of her Dames Great-*Grandams* ſpinning,
She gently wipes into a puddle
The ſweat, from each mans bum and doodle,
Who but the Dam'ſel could have miſt
To have thought the room had been be-piſt?
But I don't love to play the knave w'e,
'Twas but the dripping of the gravy;

For had they pist the puddle higher,
It might have quite put out the fire,
And if the cloth had soon been lay'd,
The Devil had for his Supper stay'd;
But th'heat was equally divided
As prudently the Cook decided,
Yet others roasted not so fast
As did the 'Squire that came in last;
He by the steam and sultry vapours
Of Charcoal-fire and tallow tapers,
Found that his heart began to fail him,
His Cam'rades wonder'd what did ail him;
Some thought his being unacquainted
Might almost cause him to have fainted;
Others the aking of his belly,
Or that he had a love for *Nelly*;
But while the time th'were thus deferring,
Down falls the Youngster dead as herring;
He of his strength that so much boasted,
Alas! poor heart, was over-roasted;
Roast Pigs do but their eyes let fall,
But he let drop head, body and all;
This gave to all the house surprise,
Some wring their hands, some wipe their eyes,
But most of all his Hand-maid *Nelly*,
Her eyes were bigger than her belly;
For the poor Lad, that to the Nation
Might have done good in's Generation;

All

All with their best endeavours strive,
In hopes, the Youngman to revive.
Thence on a Pallet they remov'd him,
And all lamented him that lov'd him;
There *Nelly* saw his P—— O strange thing!
It hung its head like any Changeling;
All sigh'd and fear'd, as who'ld have said,
That he was fairly brought to bed;
But tending hands, and nursly care
Having perverted all dispair,
His Camerades glad of repose,
Each to his privy Chamber goes,
Leaving his Nurse and Hand-maid *Nell*
To watch the time of 's Passing-bell;
Yet to suspect 'twas no great danger,
For he was now at rack and manger;
But in the int'rim I must tell ye
How a strange Ghost appear'd to *Nelly*,
That would have disoblig'd her belly;
She poor heart void of all suspition,
Ne're thought of carnal Inquisition,
But watch'd with Care, when in a trice
She saw a strippling-spirit rise;
And what d'e think 'twas, but the dead,
That rose for *Ellens* Maiden-head;
And him that you thought had been no boy,
Was all this while a tuning's Ho-boy,

Who ſtreight without intreats or woing,
Would with the Dam'ſel fain been doing;
But ſhe being cautious of her honour,
To let a dead man come upon her,
Did terrifie her more than living,
Though ſhe knew dead men had no giving;
Approaching ſtill he comes to ſtem her,
And in purſuit begins to wem her,
And ſwore by *Jenius* he'd thank her,
If that ſhe would but let him clank her;
The Dam'ſel not enduring further
With open mouth ſhe cryes out murther;
This gave throughout the houſe uproar,
Bounce knocks the neigbours at the door,
And coming in to hear the pudder,
They found his bolt-ſprit in her tudder,
And had not then her kind friend ſav'd her,
As ſure as you're alive a'had ſtav'd her;
His Cam'rades ſtood like ſtocks amaz'd,
And wonder'd what the Devil had rais'd,
Yet glad to ſee he was ſo boddy
That he could exerciſe his body;
All were amaz'd and glad at once
For his good health and *Nelly*'s ſconce;
Nay 'twould h'aſtoniſh'd Captain *Brockhorſe*,
To ſee a ſpirit ride a Cock-horſe;
But all was well, and what's ſo ended,
You know by none can be amended;

Spirits

Spirits are of uncertain motion,
Sometimes they plague us in devotion,
Sometimes in sleep, sometimes at dinner,
But he's the wonder of a sinner
That with one foot in *Charons* pune
Can rise to take his leave of C[illegible]
'Twas kindly done she sav'd his life,
For which he us'd her like a wife;
But if again so close he steer,
She'll bid him next time come no-near.

To Celinda.
A Song.

WHy should *Celinda* disapprove
A meaner state that's rich in Love?
If it had been the Gods decree,
To let the Boy take bribe or Fee;
It would have so deprav'd his pow'r,
That ev'ry hour
He thought to place
His shafts, they'd flie back in his face,
And like a puny Elf,
Injure at once his object, and himself.

No, fair *Celinda*, 'tis unfit
That *Cupid* should at Market sit;

Besides, it breeds a doubt in you,
Whether those sparks of Love be true,
Since not the person nor the parts,
Nor any Arts
Can breed a flame
Upon your too aspiring aim,
Be kindly-wise remove
Those towring fancies, and begin to Love.

Why should a worldly God controul
Him that's immortal as the soul?
Judge, O ye Powr's! and let her be
Not Mistriss of her Love, but me;
Consider e're your heart you give,
For you'l but live
A subject still,
Enslavid to Wealth and Tyrants will,
But ne're in Love be blest,
Think then *Celinda*, think who loves you best.

Love's Assurance.
A Song.

GO on true heart, pursue the prise,
Thy passion knows its doom,

'Twill

Twill find some pity in her eyes
Or send the slighted home;
Yet from her heart I'le read my fate,
If it to Love incline,
It cannot change so soon to hate,
But it must think on mine.

Kind nature will her hate oppose,
And though she do not love,
My passion I will so disclose
As shall her pity move;
Thence from that pity with new fire,
Although her heart were stone,
I'd melt it into chast desire,
And coin it in my own.

The Womens Defence.
A Song.

FOrbear silly hearts, you insult but in vain,
Though so mean of our Sex you approve,
Your hearts are as empty and weak as your brain,
And your Rhet'rick as poor as your Love.
By your amorous follies we wiser are grown,
And now to our rigor we'll stand,
Since the hearts that you claim'd become freely our own,
You'l find 'em but hard to command.

What

What cringes and sighs, what raptures and vows,
To delude a poor Nymph you employ?
You design her a Miss, for you fancy a Spouse
Is a pleasure too long to enjoy.
What flame can our faithless opinions remove,
Or what can a kind one create?
When at once you propose both Honour and Love
You ruine the Name and Estate.

How charming and sweet is your Love while 'tis young,
But if of your ends you but fail
It alters your note, from an amorous Song
To a tune, with a huff and a rail:
If your Loves have no greater pow'r to invite,
We must this for your passions declare,
They're not worth our return, nor your scorns our spite,
And so we can rest as we are.

Celadon *and* Philomel.
A Dialogue.

Cel. TEach me dear Nymph to be content,
Since what I wisht I have,
Why should I think on more, or further crave?

Phil.

Phil. First let me know what by that word is meant,
Or whether there be such a thing,
Say if thou wert a King,
Couldst thou there find it out?

Cl. No doubt,
Inferiour Mortals have their bounds too small
To harbour bliss, and where some blessings fall
By chance, we so transported are,
That with excess of care,
We lessen still our share.

Phil. Ah! were thy present thoughts plac'd in the throne,
They'd still be thinking one,
One wish enjoy'd another would increase;
Thus heav'n-aspiring man on hopes does live,
And should he have what heav'n or earth can give,
His restless thoughts find no content nor peace.

Chorus.

Then let us wish no more,
Yet we must think what others are,
We may implore,
And yet dispair,
Since ev'n from our birth
No true content is found on earth:
Death is the only theam,
That puts our troubles to a quiet dream.

Omitting

Omitting Enjoyment.
A Song.

O! Name not the day left my fences reprove
And curse, my poor heart from the knowledge
(of Love,
Ah! the hapless mistake in a fearful young Lover,
When a sign is return'd not t'have wit to discover,
To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of design,
Is to dig for a treasure and sink in the Mine.

The effect of a smile in a vein of discourse,
'Twixt fear and good-will ought to make a divorce;
Such Items deserve to be well understood,
Like a Vizardless Mils that peeps under her hood;
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her,
She had bid me good night, and adieu to her honor.

I knew not (alas) the intrigue of her art,
I thought she design'd to make sport with my heart,
It panted with fear and leapt so with joy, (stroy
Yet I thought to attempt, all my hopes would de-
But since I'm resolv'd ere I prove such a fop,
The Nymph i'le enjoy though I dye on the spot.

The Tavern Huff.
A Song.

DRrink Wine and be wise,
Let the Grave and Precise,
With sober advices correct us,
We can wash 'em in Wine,
Till we make their Pates shine,
And --dam 'em they ought to respect us.

While each single Sot
With his Pipe and his Pot,
Cryes, Oh! how the Creature bewitches;
They shall swig at their Ale
Till their Noses look pale,
And then sneak home all drunk as Bitches.

We scorn to be base,
We never say Grace
O're a pen-worth of Cheese or a Can, Sir,
We sit at our Talboyes,
And drink 'em off all Boyes,
Till every soul's an *Almanzor*.

We Coffee defie,
And dare give him the lye,

That

That says it creates Politicians,
He's a politick Fool,
And his grave wooden Scull
S'like a crowd among able Musicians.

The Considerate Lover.
A Song.

TIs pity the passion those eyes do create,
Between *Cupid* and me should be held in d
(ba
This pondring on Love heav'n knows whence
(cam
That should make the blind Boy so precise in h
I behold and I love, yet am forc'd to defer (ain
My flame, lest it hinder a happier in her.

Sometimes in a freak, when I think to divert
By her absence, the folly of Love from my heart,
It ceases awhile, yet if near I but come
To her door, I must see if my *Silvia*'s at home,
Then streight while I think I am rid of my pain,
It returns like a Fever and haunts me again.

Though my heart in a flame of true passion still ly
I'le ne're let her know 'twas caus'd by her eyes

Were Love's blessings alike in every degree,
Twere convenient for her, and happy for me:
But Beauty once gain'd by its amorous Mate,
Proves eternal delight or repining at fate.

Yet it must be all pow'r that beauty can bring,
For she who has that has the world in a string;
But you see from such joyes we poor Mortals are hurl'd,
(Like slaves) from our fancies to humour the world;
And fortune with base and malicious design,
Has delay'd your kind passion and frustrated mine.

Beauties Prerogative.
A Song.

TRiumphant Beauty, whose o're-ruling fate,
Not mighty Monarchs hearts alone,
But does command the grand intrigue of State;
Nothing's exempted from its Throne,
The world to rule that Sex hath odds,
That triumphs both o're men and Gods.

In peace they arrows slay, yet draw no blood,
In Wars they win when lose the day,
Though Captives, on their Conqu'rous necks they tread,
And the fierce Victor make their prey.

Strong

Strong Sex? who from your chain is free,
That though he foyls, ye bound must be.

Oh! no, the yoak can ne're offend your necks,
Our harsh fates make us to obey,
In childhood we obey our Parents becks,
Then men do steal our hearts away;
Wretched as weak our Sex is grown,
Whose wills and hearts are ne're our own.

A Rapture.

COme (fairest) through the fleeting skie,
Let's cut a way with nimble pace,
On *Cupids* active wings we'll flie
To Paradice, that wisht for place,
Where I may banquet on thy face.

Hark! how Love's Quiristers conspire,
With airs might make a Hermite dote,
T' invite us to the happy quire,
Where *Philomel's* enchanting throat
Is tun'd to ravish with a note.

The downy couch with blushing red,
With heav'n-resembling tapestry,

By Nymphs at Love's command here spred,
Who thought these joys prepar'd for thee,
A Blessing Couch, and thou for me.

No spies shall lurk here to reveal
To ears that itch with jealousie
The hour of pleasure we two steal,
Great *Jove* knew no such liberty
When he imbrac'd fair *Danae*.

Being set, let's dally till our souls
To the encounter sound a Call,
A hasty Love that joy controuls,
(That might receive a kinder fall;)
But dying, dies for good and all.

Let's still incite it with a kiss,
To a Spring-tyde our Love's we'll try;
And if our pleasures fade in this,
Time dares not a relief deny
Since we well know our remedy.

I'le view again and feast awhile
On each Seraphick cheek, which do
Unite with thy fair lip, whose smile
Might make a *Cynick* love thee too,
And tempt him from his tub to woo.

Thence on the ſtellings of thy breſt
The banquet that hrſt feaſted man,
I'le kiſs, and there I'le take my reſt;
And from the meaſure of a ſpan
I'le teach thee how the world began.

A Song.

PHillis confirm the paſſion you own
Since mine ſo apparent and juſt does prove,
Shun the diſguiſe my heart is known
To brook no hidden Love.
What I court I'le enjoy, or I'le give it o're,
I'le put no hope or fear on the ſcore,
'Tis the fop-adoring
That ſtill is imploring,
Diſdain or Love I'le ſay no more.

Sure 'twas a dart but wantonly thrown
That makes you conceal what your thoughts in-(ſpire,
Love when 'tis true will ne're diſown
The flame that caus'd the fire;
But you with your paſſion ſuch juggling ſhow
That i'th' end you prove your own foe,
For when we come to try
And find a denial,
To eaſe our thoughts we let it go.

The

The Brave Lover.

UNhappy he whose fortune lower lyes,
Then his Love will bow unto't;
The Eagle scorns to prey on silly flies,
Shrubs wither at the *Cedars* root,
It's better far, to perish tame
With secret grief, than open shame.

How tame is he that will his life bestow
Ere to his foe the Victim flies,
Or he whose sence does greater blessings know,
Will wed himself to miseries.
Then live, and let thy fall be fair,
By brave attempts, not base dispair.

Epithalamium.

TO bed, ye two in one united go,
To pleasures killing,
Embrace and struggle till your spirits flow,
Embrace more willing
Than th'loving Palms, (great unions wonder)
That ne're bore any fruit asunder.

Be young to each, when Winter and grey hairs
Your head shall clime;
May your affections like the merry sphears,
still move in time;
And may (with many a good presage)
Your marriage prove your merry age.

On the sight of my true Dorinda *Masked.*

WHen her poor Metaphor, heavens radiant eye
Puts his day-shading mask of darkness by,
And freely shines, those shapes of living jet
I'th' Eastern shores half pickl'd up in sweat
Adore his lustre; but they never bow
Whilst clouds disguise and mascarade his brow;
So when mine eyes first view'd her, she (alas!)
Was mask'd, and ign'rantly I by did pass
Without adoring, when such shrines as hers
Would make Saints croud to be Idolaters,
When Mistris-like Loadstones in boxes cas'd,
I've sometimes seen neer Iron wedges plac'd;
The amorous metal wav'd and still crept neer,
As if it knew its Love had center'd there.
I felt this sympathy, and in my breast
(Like a stray bird now flutting near his nest,
Or like a Pilot) I my course did steer,
As who would say, I know my harbours neer.

Now

Now with devouter eyes I looke upon,
But her black veil not drawn thus (thought I then)
Thus Angel-pictures in the sacred quire
Are veild to raise our adoration higher.
Myriads on each side as you walk must fall
As bastard Eaglets 'fore your Emblem *Sol*.
Thus you with looks Philosophy controul
And fate, and leave the world without a soul,
Or prove (which I confess, since I was hit)
This all hath but one soul, and you are it.

The Concern.

RIse *Aristarchus*, and erect a Scheme,
Tell me, may I expect a cheerful beam
From my Love's eye? Say, shall my joyes become
Perfect on this side of *Elizium*?
Come, cast a figure, shall I find that place
Where I in her may heav'n on earth embrace?
Why should hope flatter me? since her fair hands
Shuns *Hymens* tyes and *Venus* fair commands?
But why should she shun heav'ns good will? and be
So adverse to her Genial Deity?
Truth on mens tongues (she sayes) doth seldom sit,
But what they rashly swear they soon forget:
She sayes, they write in sand when they make oaths,
And keep their vows just as they do their cloaths,

Whilst only they are new and fresh i'th' fashion,
But once grown old (like words they speak in passion)
They lay them by forgot, and their Loves leave
With pensive eyes, to wail the faith they gave
To their more faithless vows, and then in pride
And scorns triumphal Chariot they ride
Over their spoyles, and tyrannously glory
How many female Trophies deck their story.
Thus slippery streams the yielding banks do court,
And gliding thence, say, they but lov'd in sport.
O heav'n! that Lovers who have damn'd their trust,
Should rob the reputation of the just!
Pity ye Gods! still let true love be blest,
Let not that dye a Martyr for the rest.
Rouze ye infernal Hags, ye direful three,
From the foul Lake of nights dark Empery.
Give me a bunch of stinging snakes to lash
Kind Nymph-deceivers, and to take their flesh:
Hell's curse on that inconstant crew that took
Love's sacred name, their fraud and lust to cloak.
Vipers to your own kind, its long on you
The Nymphs scarce credit us that would be true.
Rest thee *Ixion*, these deserve to feel
The weary service of thy constant wheel;
May the laborious Stone disturb your rests,
And ravenous Vultures banquet on your breasts;
May heav'n send Plagues, and Poets curses, more
Than ever yet was thought or heard before;

And

And may your ribs in Hell a grid-iron be,
Whereon your souls may broyl eternally.
But ah! I faint! I doubt my fate is near,
I feel that colder poyson sad dispair
Invades my veins, troubling my destiny,
Warning my soul out, who'd fain stay more
(Ere th'other world I know) to find a bliss,
If not, I never more shall think on this;
Yet I will, e're on earth I quit my room,
Bespeak a better in *Elizium.*

An ELEGY

On the most lamented Death of that brave and worthy Hero, Edw. *Earl of* Sandwich, *Lord Vice Admiral of* England.

O! That my ſoul were raptur'd into Verſe!
To write with dew of paſſion on thy hearſe;
Could my juſt grief pathetickly relate
Our loſs in thee, by thy too ſudden fate,
I'd write thy Story in ſo juſt degree
Should melt the Reader into Poeſie;
But when 'gainſt grief my fancy I would arm,
My Pen is wrackt, and ev'ry thought a ſtorm,
Though deepeſt ſorrows make a Fame obſcure,
Yet to the ſuffring thought Love gives the cure,
And makes that honour which dull grief would (ſhrowd,
Peep like the Sun above the dropping cloud.
Hence my poor reſtleſs thoughts are bound to ſhow
For thee, the juſteſt Honour that I owe;
Thou goodly Star of mighty *Charle*'s Wain,
Bellona's heart, and ſweet *Apollo*'s brain;

Thou

Thou *Hero* of so large and free a soul,
A judgment clear, a courage uncontroul'd;
So wisely noble, and so brave a mind
We must not think in hast on earth to find,
Unless the times would turn to gold ages,
And Nature get new strength in forming men.
In musing on thy chance we can but guess,
Fate could have done no more nor honour less;
Nor can the prying world be so unjust,
So partial to thy Honour and thy trust,
If they'd but know how Valour then did lye
Grasp'd in an unprevented Destiny,
Yet so unmov'd, that scarce those eyes life to save,
But smil'd upon its soon expected grave;
Had *Cæsar* in that cloud of fate been hid,
He had dy'd like thee more nobly than he did:
Yet 'twas too soon, Life might in conqu'ring Death
Increast thy fortunes and prolong'd thy breath,
And made those Trophies which thy Valour won,
A morning Star, and a Meridian Sun;
Fate seem'd indeed a Guardian friend awhile,
But streight 'gan to be treach'rous and beguil;
For whilst the thundring Shot amidst the throng,
Ow'd him more Honour than to do him wrong,
She soon her pow'r and profer'd trust betray'd,
And let in Death in gloomy Mascarade:
It well might to the bravest give surprise,
To see death come in such a black disguise;

A doom so cloudy that no eyes could see
His fate or his declining remedy;
Yet Fate did this civil'ty with him use
That of two Deaths she gave him leave to chuse:
Distructive chance! that turn'd thy Citadel
From a fair Palace to a floating Hell,
That from sev'n bloody storms thy life was giv'n,
To the two greatest pow'rs under heav'n;
One most ambitious of thy worth and Fame,
In this Extream strove to preserve thy Name,
Yet could not wast thy Life unto the shore,
Alas! her Burthen was too great before,
But clos'd thee in her Womb, since Death would have
Thy Period set, there to receive a Grave;
So kind she was when she had lodg'd thee there,
And found no fit Companion for thy Peer,
Knowing thou wert too worthy for her Womb,
Sent thee a sad but honour'd Trophy home;
Where thy bright Name shall raise unto thy Glory,
A Monument of everlasting Story.

An

An ELEGY

On the Death of the Valiant Sir Edw. Spragg.

COuld each brave *Hero* with his conqu'ring Fame
Immortalize his Life as well as Name,
And make those Acts (which Glories still create)
Prove Armour 'gainst the nimble stroke of Fate;
What great attempts would meaner Mortals quit,
If Death were to be shun'd by daring it?
But here the Virtue's greater in the brave,
Where Courage strikes for Honour or the Grave;
Yet still goes on, assured of its aim,
A senceless Honour or a breathing Fame,
Though cropt i'th' bud, this comfort Fame doth tell
The Soul departing that it has done well;
Fortunes best promise, but depends on chance,
And oft encourages without advance;
Some mount apace as darlings of her will,
Some hope for flood, but yet are stranded still;
Others on billows of ambition tos'd,
Sink in a wrack before their native Coast;
Some she gives Crowns, but ere they come to reign
Disgrace or envy takes 'em back again.

Some

Some who with Fate have had a free Careſs,
And each endeavour bleſt with kind Succeſs,
Secure of Honour and foregotten Fame,
T' increaſe the Actions and inlarge the Name,
Boldly go on, till to their bounds they come
Where Death meets Fame to give 'm welcom home;
There the Plot ſhews what was ſo long deſign'd,
Death robs the Life, but leaves the Name behind:
Who can his Pow'r immortally intrall
When Fate has cous'nd ſuch an Admiral?
The Valiant *Spragg*, whoſe Courage did affright
The *Belgick*, and *Barbarian* put to flight,
Diſarm'd their Forts, and taught the *Engliſh* way,
To make Bonfires in a briny Bay,
Beat down their Walls and made their Turrets nod,
And their men bow as to an angry God;
Spragg was an *European-Aſian* word,
So famous was he for his Fire and Sword,
That ſhould you ſtrive t'epitomize the ſame
His bulk was but a Pigmy to his Name,
And had till now increaſt had *Mars* been kind,
And not to *Neptune* his juſt right reſign'd,
Whilſt *Neptune* weary of ſo great a freight,
To eaſe his burden turns him off to fate:
Falſe fate! (for whilſt we thought thee Bullet-free)
Did diſappoint at once our hopes and thee.
But as the Eagle with the *Tortis* playes,
Who with his Wings her earthly Lump doth raiſe,

Mounting

Mounting with speed above the massie Ball
To the heav'ns pitch, unkindly lets her fall;
Or as the Merchant whose successful aim
Of being rich has so divulg'd his Name,
Each subject mention'd that implies a force,
As money nam'd, he's ev'ry mans discourse;
Whilst he whom all the world thought rich and great,
Breaks unexpectedly and proves a cheat.
Thus Fortune makes her dearest Sons a sport,
First treats 'em high, and then she turns 'em off;
Thus a base doom on mighty *Strang* befel,
To drown'd an Adm'ral in a Mussle-shell;
Strange unexpected Fate, and unkind slay!
Death might have found out some more noble way,
Surpriz'd him singly, rather than have dy'd
Under the Bulwark of his Champions side.
Yet mark the composition of thy freight,
The surly billow might have born thy weight;
But greedy *Neptune* being honour'd twice
With no less than an Adm'ral for a prize,
Thought good to hold what Fortune did afford,
Since the last *Hero* gave so brave reward,
And *Triton*'s there being busie in the fray,
Made bold to shew thy Predecessors way;
But see how Fate may by exchange design,
What was thy doom ought his new birth have been.
Unhappy Flag! thou unsuccessful Blue!
O! change thy colour to a mourning hew,

That

That couldst not keep such *Hero's* from the harms
Of subtil *Belgick* force and *Neptunes* arms,
Twice to have born so great and dear a loss
Under the Conduct of the *English* Cross;
Yet let not losses urge our grief too far,
Since 'twas the Fate of an ambiguous War;
The greatest *Hero's* by Historians pen'd,
Have for their mighty Labours found an end;
The greatest Victor underneath the Sun,
Dy'd ere his aim'd at Conquest he'd begun;
Yet their great Names still to the world do stay,
And mayst thou have as great a Name as they;
But this poor age is with the old at odds,
As men strove then to make 'em demy-Gods
We silence Fame, which is to honour sin,
And think on men as if they ne're had been;
Deeds now, though ne're so ardorous and high,
Scarce reach the life of one mans Memory.
That mighty soul whom all the world admir'd,
Seems like a dream when once the breath's expir'd;
And ev'ry act though ne're so good or brave,
Sinks with the corps in the forgotten grave.

FINIS.